THURMAN AND HIS UNCLE.

GOSSIP AND STORY ABOUT SOME OF THE OLD STATESMEN OF OHIO.

Allen G. Thurman's Quarrel with Bill Allen—Thurman's Boyhood—His Character and Blaine's Eulogy of Him—How He Lives at Columbus.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, June 21.—I met Allen G. Thurman's son here at Washington the other day. He is a tall, broad shouldered, fine looking fellow of 35, who has nothing of the political bent of his father. He told me that Judge Thurman was very well, that he is now living in his new house at Columbus and that his health is better than it has been for years. I met Senator Thurman at the convention of 1884, which nominated Cleveland, and interviewed him as to his condition at that time. Chicago was filled with politicians, and not a few of them went about with red bandanna handkerchiefs tied about their hats in honor of the Ohio senator. Mr. Thurman was receiving calls by the hundreds, and he had stood the siege very well. He told me that he weighed 240 pounds and he had the stomach of an ostrich. He was undoubtedly much disappointed in not getting the nomination, though this year's convention has in some measure made up for the past, and his life during the past ten years has not been one of roses.

He was brought up in Chillicothe, O., and was a nephew of Senator William Allen. Allen did a great deal for him, but a feud arose between them, and it was, it is said, the lack of Allen's support that prevented Thurman from getting the presidential nomination at the time Tilden was nominated. I met a relative of Bill Allen at Chillicothe some time ago and had a long talk with him about the Allen Thurman feud. He told me it began in 1873 and it came from Thurman's desire for the presidency. This was the year that Allen was elected governor of Ohio. The Democratic party was in a bad way and Thurman wanted a re-election to the senate. Allen had gone into retirement at his Fruit Hill farm, and when he was asked if he would accept the nomination, he said that he did not care for the governorship of Ohio. It was nothing but a place for the signing of justice of the peace commissions, and it was only a blank petit larceny office, anyway. It was not until just before the convention met that Allen consented to take the nomination, and he finally accepted it only because of a telegram which Thurman sent him asking him to take the place for his sake and for the sake of the party. The story of the campaign is well known. It put Allen to the front in Ohio politics and Thurman fell to the rear. Talk at once sprang up of the advisability of nominating Allen for the presidency in 1876, but Thurman in the meantime had grown jealous and gave him no active support in this second campaign for the governorship.

The result was that when Thurman was a candidate for the presidency at St. Louis Allen did not offer him his support, and the other elements of the Ohio Democracy went against him. The Payne and Jewett factions had their own candidates in the field and Tilden got the nomination.

The above story I give for what it is worth. The man who told it had the possession of all of Allen's papers, and there is no doubt in his mind but Thurman would have been a presidential candidate long ago had he courted rather than slighted his uncle.

* * *

Senator Thurman is, however, a greater man than was the noted "Fog Horn" Allen. He is broader minded, better educated and more highly cultured. Allen was a sort of a rough diamond, whose polishing was all done in the school of active politics. He had one of the strongest voices that was ever heard in the United States senate, and he was known here as Fog Horn Allen or the Ohio Gong.

Senator Edmunds says Thurman is the greatest lawyer in the United States. It was at Chillicothe that he first studied law, and there are citizens at Chillicothe who remember him as a boy. I met one of these during a recent visit there, and I asked him what kind of a child young Thurman was. He replied:

"Allen G. Thurman's father was named Pleasant Thurman. He was a traveling Methodist preacher, and when he came here he settled down and took up the business of wool carding and spinning. He brought his boy Allen and his wife with him, and young Allen Thurman was rather a fine looking boy, with a big head and a fairly good face. His head was a little too big for his body and he was not what you call a beauty. The Thurman family were poor, as were most preachers' families in those days, and Allen's mother taught school to help fill the family pocket book. She was a bright woman, and it was from her that young Allen got his first instruction. He afterwards went to the Chillicothe academy, which was then a very good school. He then got a position in the postoffice here as a clerk, and while dealing out letters learned surveying. He then studied law and practiced till he went into politics. He spent all his boyhood here and he had made something of a reputation when he went to Columbus to live."

* * *

"What kind of a man was Senator Allen?" I asked.

"We call him Bill Allen down here," was the reply, "and we all liked him. He lived most of the time at his farm near here and his grave is over there in the cemetery. His wife lies there too, and Allen thought everything of her. She died at Washington while he was in congress. It was before the days of railroads and he carried her body home over the mountains, riding on horseback beside the wagon in which they put the coffin. He sat up every night with the corpse and he had his little daughter along with him. This daughter is now married and she lives here. The senator and his wife lie side by side over there in the graveyard."

Dr. Scott, who was Bill Allen's son-in-law and who married the little daughter who made this dreary trip over the mountains, told me that a biography of Senator Allen might be published in the future and that the papers which he left were valuable. He said that Allen seldom wrote letters himself and never answered them when he could help it. He never wrote out his speeches, but spoke extempore after studying up the subjects. He told me that Allen was especially fond of Scott's novels, that he was a great student of Shakespeare and that he was the best posted on historical matters of any man in the state of Ohio at the time of his death.

* * *

Returning to Thurman, he could write a very good book of reminiscences, if he would. He was nominated for congress in 1844, and he has been in the active whirl of politics ever since. He has known all of the great men of the past generation, and he has made, perhaps, as novel a newspaper story as any other man alive except Ben Butler. His friends have not been confined to the Democratic party, and one of the highest compliments Blaine pays to any one in his book, he pays to Thurman. He says:

"Mr. Thurman's rank in the senate was established from the day he took his seat, and it was never lowered during the period of his service. He was an admirably disciplined debater, was fair in his method of statement, logical in his argument, honest in his conclusions. He had no tricks in discussion, no catch phrases to secure attention, but was always direct and manly. His mind was not preoccupied and engrossed with political contest or with affairs of state. He had natural and cultivated tastes outside of those fields. He was a discriminating reader, and enjoyed not only serious books, but inclined also to the lighter indulgence of romance and poetry. He was especially fond of the best French writers. He loved Molliere and Racine, and could quote with rare enjoyment the humorous scenes depicted by Balzac. He took pleasure in the drama and was devoted to music. In Washington he could usually be found in the best seat of the theatre when a good play was to be presented or an opera was to be given. These tastes illustrated the genial side of his nature, and were a fitting complement to the stronger and sterner elements of the man. His retirement from the Senate was a serious loss to his party—a loss, indeed, to the body."

Thurman's common sense is one of the strong elements of his nature. He seldom loses his head, and he is, as John Randolph used to say, as cool as the center seed of a cucumber. His talk as vice presidential candidate on love for the party is based on a good record in this regard. It recalls how he repulsed a man who wished to wean him away from the Democratic party. It was about the time of the panic of 1873, when the Greenbackers were at their highest, and when a number of new parties were in the field. There was a convention of one of these parties at Columbus, and several delegates, two of whom were old friends of Thurman's and who had been strong Democrats, called upon him. They found him sitting in the library of his drab house on High street. They told their story, and said they thought they could make him president of the United States, and with him they could break up the Democratic party and defeat the Republican party.

"Ah," said Thurman, and he looked soberly down at the table.

Then the spokesman again began his speech, but Thurman interrupted him with the question:

"My friend, what do you imagine the size of this room to be?"

"It is sixteen feet square, I judge," was the reply, "but why do you ask?"

"Because, sir," said Thurman, pulling out his red bandanna and violently wiping his nose, "because, sir, this room, sir, is too —— small to destroy the Democratic party in. Good day, gentleman, good day," and that was the end of the conversation.

* * *

Judge Thurman is now about 74 years old. His work in the courts has shown that his mind is as active as it has been for years and he may do a great deal of good work yet. He is a man of means; his wife brought to him a fortune and he has made another himself. He has trained himself to enjoy life and he gets a great deal of pleasure out of the reading of French novels in the original. When he was on the supreme bench of Ohio he was very fond of mathematics, and while he was in the United States senate he played as good a game of whist as any man in Washington. He would have made a good chief justice of the United States and he is fully as well fitted for the bench as for congress. He keeps up with political matters, uses a stenographer in the carrying on of his correspondence and is in reality leading a rather active life. He made a speech on the tariff last fall that showed that his oratorical abilities are as strong as they have ever been, and if he would work at it, he could turn out a very interesting and a very profitable work on the history of the country. Governor Hoadley, of Cincinnati, once said to me that Ohio never allows a man to get more than two feet high before it wants to cut off his head. This has been true with both parties in Ohio, and Thurman's career in this respect runs almost parallel with that of Sherman. Both have been for years conceded to be great statesmen by the nation, and both have been fought by men within their own parties and defeated again and again. Thurman had Tom Ewing, Hugh J. Jewett, Henry B. Payne and John R. McLean against him, and his opponents were all good men. Payne succeeded in getting the United States senatorship and McLean would have taken Sherman's place had Ohio gone Democratic that year. Sherman might have been nominated for the presidency in the place of Garfield had not Ohio had another great Republican.

Henry B. Payne will probably close his senatorial career with this term. He is too old a man to receive a nomination and the Ohio democracy is calling for young blood. I am told that John McLean is ambitious to go to the senate, and I hear also the friends of Cal Brice, the railroad millionaire, proposing him as a desirable candidate. There are numbers of smaller men in Ohio politics who will come to the front when a senator is to be chosen, but it is probable that the next Democratic nominee will be a young man. As to Sherman, he has five years yet to serve and the term of his service will expire in 1893. He will probably have a re-election, if he wants it, though Foraker or Foster may be among his contestants. Five years means a great deal in politics, but the present generation of statesmen is fast passing away. The generation of men born since the war is striving to get its hands on the reins of the government. It is a young giant and it will in time push the old men to the wall.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

An Editor Befriends the Clam.

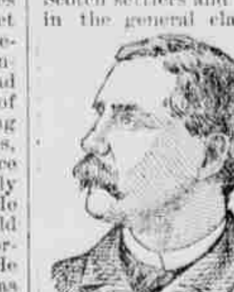
"Don't be a clam" is a warning that meets one very frequently nowadays. Well, why not? What's the matter with a clam? He's all right. If he fulfills his mission and makes the most of himself, what more could be expected, and what more does any person do. The clam is as well born, as well bred and as respectable as the oyster, yet nobody thinks of speaking disrespectfully of the oyster. What has the clam done that it should be made a term of derision? Nobody ever heard of a clam getting drunk, lying, cheating at cards, abusing dumb animals, putting a little dog's eyes out, or doing any of the thousand things by which men distinguish themselves from brutes. The clam is yet to be heard from. Perhaps he would say: "Don't be a man."—Indianapolis Journal.

The great Duke of Wellington would not offer battle on any day that he met or saw a yellow dog cross his path.

HON. EDWIN C. BURLEIGH.

Named for Governor by Maine Republicans.

Hon. Edwin C. Burleigh, who is the Republican nominee for governor of Maine, has already served the state well in many capacities, and by Jan. 1 next will have filled the office of state treasurer as long as the constitution allows. He is descended from one of those English families which long ago settled in the north of Ireland, intermarried with the Scotch settlers and thus became merged in the general class known as Scotch Irish. When the British parliament imposed unjust restrictions on the trade and manufactures of Ireland the Burleighs, like many thousands more, came to New England, and in 1830 Col. Moses Burleigh, grandfather of the present candidate, moved from New Hampshire to Linneus, Aroostook county, Me., where his son and grandson were born.



EDWIN C. BURLEIGH.

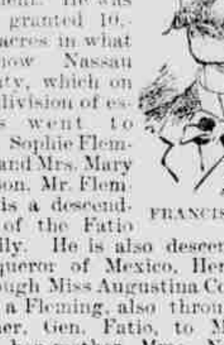
Hon. Parker P. Burleigh, father of Edwin, has been a prominent citizen, representing his town and county in both branches of the legislature, and serving as land agent, and is still a vigorous man at 76. Edwin Chick Burleigh was born in Linneus Nov. 27, 1843, and is now consequently in the very prime of life. He received a good academic education and early took an active part in favor of the temperance laws of the state. In 1864 he volunteered; but as he had not attained his growth and was in rather poor health at the time he was rejected on examination, but served as clerk in the adjutant general's office.

In 1876–77 and '78 he was clerk of the Maine house of representatives and land agent for the state. In 1880 he became clerk in the office of the state treasurer, and in 1885 was himself promoted to that office. He has filled the office with marked ability. His legal residence is in Bangor, though his office has kept him and his family in Augusta for many years. He is a man of wealth, and his home is a very attractive place to Augusta society.

A DESCENDANT OF CORTEZ.

Francis P. Fleming, Nominated for Governor by Florida Democrats.

Francis P. Fleming, the Democratic nominee for governor of Florida, has a distinguished ancestry. A grant was made in 1777 of 10,000 acres in Florida by Gen. Francis P. Fatio, who received the grant from the Spanish crown for distinguished services rendered his government. He was also granted 10,000 acres in what is now Nassau county, which on the division of estates went to Mrs. Sophie Fleming and Mrs. Mary Gibson. Mr. Fleming is a descendant of the Fatio family. He is also descended from the conqueror of Mexico, Hernando Cortez, through Miss Augustina Cortez, who married a Fleming, also through his grandfather, Gen. Fatio, to Mme. de Stael, and her mother, Mme. Neckar. He is, besides, related to the Virginia Washingtons.



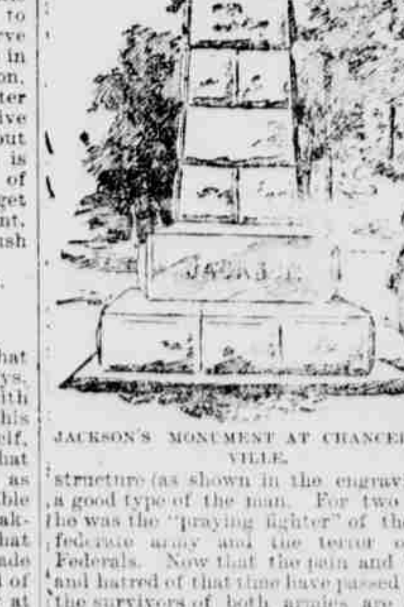
FRANCIS P. FLEMING.

Mr. Fleming's father was a planter, but young Fleming was devoting himself to business when the broke out in 1861, and he enlisted as a private in the Confederate army in the Second Florida volunteers. From July, 1862, to September, 1863, he was with the Army of Northern Virginia, at which latter date he was made a lieutenant in the First Florida cavalry in the Army of Tennessee. He soon after became a captain, and as such served to the end of the war, passing through many bloody battles.

Coming out of the service a veteran at 24 he studied law. In 1868 he was admitted to practice, and since that time has been engaged in building up a valuable practice and a reputation as an able lawyer. His devotion to his profession had not, however, kept him from identifying himself prominently with the interests of his state, among whose people, and in his own county especially, he is very highly esteemed.

In Stonewall Jackson's Memory.

Here is a cut of the monument lately set up at Chancellorsville, Va., in memory of Stonewall Jackson, who was mortally wounded there twenty-five years ago. It stands upon the exact spot where he received his death wound; and the massive simplicity of the



JACKSON'S MONUMENT AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

structure (as shown in the engraving) is a good type of the man. For two years he was the "praying fighter" of the Confederate army and the terror of the Federals. Now that the pain and terror and hatred of that time have passed away, the survivors of both armies are represented at the unveiling of his monument, and the whole country respects his memory.

The Discourteous Person.

Courteous men and women undoubtedly keep society in a healthy condition. They bear sunshine with them, and smiles greet them. And how revolutionary in its effects upon society is the discourteous one!—Rev. William Leacock.

HOW SALMON TAKE THE FLY.

Seasonable Information For Those Who Are Going to Fish.

[Special Correspondence.]

TORONTO, June 21.—A salmon does not take the fly like a trout, and never rises to it while passing up or down a stream. It is only while it is lying at rest in the waves, the reposing water at the foot of swift rapid or the silent starting place of such a rapid, that it will respond to the skillful cast. Salmon may be moving along by the thousand in the deep stretches of the stream that extend sometimes for a mile between rapids, but the angler might drop his flies above them for a year, if it were possible, and never be rewarded by a rise. The pool is the place to whip, and the time early morning or late in the afternoon. If the epicurean denizen of the pool is so inclined there is sport ahead for the angler. He drops his flies lightly on the water, and the salmon starts for it at once. If it were a trout rising to the fly, he would take it with a swoop and a whirl, and away he would go. True, the salmon darts from his hiding upward toward the fly, after the manner of the rocket, also, but just before he reaches the fly he stops for a second below it. Only for a second though, and then he rises, opens his great jaws, draws the fly and hook into his mouth and drops like a plummet toward the bottom. In doing that he carries the barbed hook deep in his upper jaw. Then the trouble that follows is divided between the salmon and the angler. The more the salmon tries to get out of trouble the deeper he gets the angler in. The fish no sooner feels the hook in his jaw than he seems to realize what the matter is, and things begin to boil. The first thing the fisherman knows a hundred feet of line have spun from his reel, and he thinks he is in for a long chase down stream, when suddenly the salmon changes his mind, doubles, and dashes straight back at the boat. Then the angler is put to his mettle to reel in the slack of that line. It is no sooner taut than the salmon feels its tension in his jaw, and the chances are that whiz! he will shoot up out of the water until he clears it twice or thrice his length. Then he takes a header and dashes madly down into the depths again, tearing this way and that in his wild fury, darting around and around, and making lively work for both the angler and the man at the oars or paddle. Then again the mad fish may start down stream like a steam yacht, and put the guide to his best skill and tact to to keep the boat along with him. The hooked salmon may lead a chase for a mile in this way, then stop suddenly and resume its leaping and doubling tactics. The fight may last an hour or more, and if the angler is skillful and cool, and the guide or gaffer dexterous and watchful, it will have but one ending, and eventually the glittering, throbbing prize will be stretched on the bottom of the canoe.

The angler for salmon hates to encounter a "sulker" in his fish. A sulker is always a large fish, and he will not show fight at once, but will sink to the bottom and lie there. Whenever he does make up his mind to fight, though, the angler may make up his mind at the same time that the struggle will be a good one. But the contrary fish may lie in the sulks for half a day or more, and, as the true sportsman cannot retreat or abandon the siege with honor, he must sit there and await the salmon's royal pleasure if he has to stay all night. C. R. STEPHENS.

State Normal School.

JOHNSON, VT.

The school for teachers. Terms of 20 weeks each, from the first Tuesday of September, and the second Tuesday of February. Free scholarships. Send for catalogue.

A. H. CAMPBELL A. M. Principal.

4,wly